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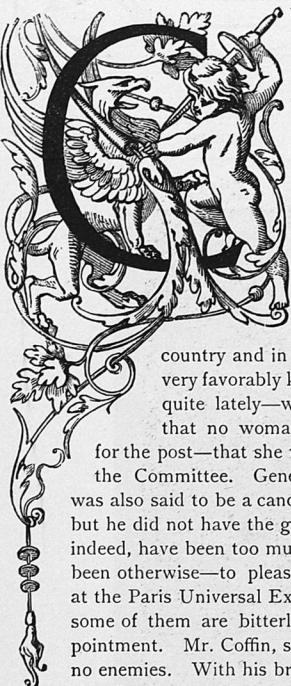
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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*



URIOS, is it not, that the clever artist whose portrait by Mr. Beckwith constitutes this month a prominent feature of The Art Amateur is just now most talked of for the position of Art Director of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893? Miss Sarah Hallowell's friends, both in this country and in France, where she is very favorably known, had hoped until quite lately—when it was given out that no woman would be acceptable for the post—that she would be the choice of the Committee. General Rush C. Hawkins was also said to be a candidate for the position; but he did not have the good fortune—it would, indeed, have been too much to expect it to have been otherwise—to please the American artists at the Paris Universal Exhibition last year, and some of them are bitterly opposed to his appointment. Mr. Coffin, so far as I know, has no enemies. With his brother artists he is decidedly popular. Every one, indeed, with whom he comes in contact seems charmed by his sturdy manliness and unaffected courtesy. His executive ability was proved beyond a doubt by his admirable management of the art department of the New York Centennial Exhibition last year, and I see no reason to doubt that he would fill, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the responsible post of Art Director of the World's Fair. For one, certainly, I should rejoice to see that title added to Mr. Beckwith's excellent portrait of Mr. Coffin.

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THE death of John Lewis Brown, who, despite his name, was a Frenchman who spoke no English, calls to mind the names of George Washington, another Parisian painter, whose grandfather, I believe, was born under the British flag, in the West Indies. In Belgium, English names such as Alfred Stevens—borne by both a famous English sculptor and a Belgian painter—are by no means uncommon. Speaking of John Lewis Brown reminds me that Admiral Brown, now in command of the French North American quadron, is a kinsman of the dead artist. Is that not, indeed, an anomaly—a French admiral named Brown? Perhaps, though, not more so than a French Marshal and President named McMahon, and a French Minister named Waddington. It may be worth noting, by the way, that the names of the English painter Millais, the French Millet and the American Millet, probably all come from the same root. The first mentioned was transferred from France to Jersey, where Sir John Millais was born.

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H. W. RANGER has a delightful little exhibition, at Reichardt's, of his last year's work in Holland and this country. The development of his art as shown there more than justifies the expectations of his friends. I cannot recall by name the titles of the pictures; but I remember with especial pleasure a winter, village scene in which there is such a feeling of "snow in the air" that you are tempted to peer into the canvas to be sure that it is really not snowing; and a landscape, with a break in the clouds—the sky is really a bright blue, for Holland—after a shower.

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THE first exhibition of the season at the Union League Club was made the occasion for showing a fine loan collection of old silver in conjunction with a notable array of paintings, among which was a special representation of the work of George H. Boughton. Most of the wall space of the smaller gallery was covered with the latter, which, in their low-toned harmonies, presented a charmingly decorative effect. Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, who is Mr. Boughton's host during his short stay in this country, sent some of the best of these canvases. Other contributors of pictures were George I. Seney, Thomas B. Clarke, and Josiah M. Fiske, also

Mr. S. P. Avery, Jr., and Mr. Durand Ruel. Nothing in the exhibition, to my mind, was more delightful than the little array of landscapes by William M. Chase, who is now painting better than he has ever done before.

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IT seems likely that by the date of the opening of the World's Fair in Chicago a finer display of first-class pictures by the "old masters" actually owned in that city will be possible than is to be found now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Indeed, this would be true even now were the pictures "on loan" at the New York museum returned to their respective owners. The purchases by Mr. Hutchinson for the Art Institute of Chicago have been munificent, and, almost without exception, made with excellent judgment. Added to them are the splendid possessions of Mr. Potter Palmer, Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Yerkes.

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MR. YERKES owns the Rembrandt portrait of the white bearded, gorgeously attired Old Man, miscalled "The Rabbi"—from the Demidoff Collection; painted in 1645, it is rich in color, but in parts it is probably somewhat round in the modelling than when it left the artist's easel. He has also the large and "important"—in the dealer's sense—but aesthetically unpleasant Jan Steen, "Christ Driving Out the Money-Changers from the Temple." It is full of figures, cleverly composed and very well painted in their way; but who can tolerate the treatment of a sacred subject by this Dutch boor, who was only truly at home among the clowns and sots who were his boon companions? Mr. Durand Ruel has one of his greatest prizes among his recent importations, in the wonderful, luscious Rubens, "The Triumph of the Church," the most glorious little easel picture of that famous master that I have seen outside of the great museums of Europe. In some respects, indeed, it is superior to anything I can recall of its size anywhere; powerful in composition, unusually good in drawing, and with color that might light up a dungeon, it is, so far as I know, the most representative picture by the great Fleming to be seen in this country.

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BUT these are only a few of the remarkable paintings lately imported by Mr. Durand Ruel. Among others of the Dutch school I saw a most interesting portrait by M. J. Mierevelt, a precursor of Rembrandt; it is rather thinly painted, but full of distinction. The sitter is a blonde, middle-aged lady, in a black velvet robe and expansive lace stomacher. Her fair hair, smoothly brushed from her forehead, harmonizes charmingly with the greenish gray background, which, by the way, is by no means the only feature of the painting which recalls such early Rembrandts as the "Wife of Burgomaster Van Berestyn," owned by Mr. Havemeyer, and the "Dr. Tulp," owned by Mr. Ellsworth.

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WHILE such remarkable works of the old masters as those just noticed have been captured by one dealer, Mr. William Schaus has secured from the Crabbe sale Rembrandt's superb "Portrait of an Admiral," supposed to be Van Tromp, the audacious Dutchman who sailed up the Thames with a broom at his mast-head. There is certainly will power enough expressed in the virile face for this or any other daring enterprise. Yet it is rather a melancholy looking man that we see here, in large slouched hat, fur-bordered coat, from under the skirt of which the pommel of a sword appears; he wears a dull red jerkin and dull olive sash. The picture is one to study by the hour for its wonderful harmony of tone, its masterly handling and its quiet expressiveness. There is also to be seen at Mr. Schaus's residence, by privileged visitors, a charming portrait of a lady, attributed to Rubens; an arrangement in black and white, it might almost be called, for she is dressed in black with a white bodice and high lace collar, and is dropping idly a string of crystal beads from one hand into the other. Both face and hands have the fresh carnations for which the great master is noted; but the handling is hardly characteristic of his best known work. An ugly but beautifully painted old woman by Cuyp, and a laughing "Herring-Seller," by Franz Hals, a marvel of bold and broad treatment, make, with a portrait by Jannens, cold and dignified, and a stormy marine by J. Van Ruydsael, a collection of Netherlands old masters not often equalled in this country.

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IT seems that soon we shall have in this country not only every good "Rembrandt" that is for sale in Europe, but every doubtful—or more than doubtful—picture of which

the dealers can get possession, that can with any show of reason be attributed to that master. I am not surprised to hear that Bourgeois, the Paris dealer, has sent over here the "Rembrandt du Peck," as the variously called "Jesus at Emmaus" and "Abraham and the Angels" has been christened from the fact of its discovery in a farm-house at that place. Such an expert in old Dutch masters as Bonnat is satisfied that it is not by Rembrandt, and Gérôme, with many other artists who have seen it, share his belief. But it is, I am told, being urged upon a well-known Chicago millionaire, president of a street railroad company, who has lately taken to collecting pictures, by no less notorious a person than the polished and insinuating Mr. Jan Van Beers, who became acquainted with that gentleman in Paris, by having painted the portrait of his wife. The modest price demanded for this very doubtful "Rembrandt" is \$30,000. What is Mr. Van Beers doing in this country? After the extraordinary developments in the courts showing his business methods, which have been fully reported by the American press, it is scarcely credible that he has come here to sell his own pictures.

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WHO says that there is no decorative art in England? A prize has just been awarded at the "Artist Guild" exhibition in London to the perpetrator of "a white satin panel embroidered with hair" reproducing the group "Africa" from the Albert Memorial.

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SO much has been written about "The Angelus" that one is afraid even to mention the name for fear of boring the reader. But now that it is decided that it is to go back to Paris before the end of January—Mr. Chauhard, of the Magazin du Louvre, having bought it from "the American Art Association" for \$160,000, it is said—a few parting words on the subject I trust may be forgiven. We can afford to let it go at such a price; and so can "the American Art Association," who are reported to have made half as much by exhibiting it as the picture cost them, which in round numbers may be put down at \$120,000. By the way, has Mr. Sutton heard the news? Bartlett, the American sculptor, has, or rather had, during the past summer, the female model of "The Angelus" working for him as a charwoman at Barbizon. She ought to be sent for at once and retained for life at the American Art Galleries—if only as a souvenir.

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IT is time to stop the paragraph which has been going the rounds of the country press to the effect that "Mr. J. S. Sargent is the only American painter who can get \$5000 for a portrait." Mr. Benjamin Porter frequently gets that price, and in the case of one of the Vanderbilt children, he was paid \$7000. A dog, it is true, was introduced into the latter canvas.

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IN a long and appreciative article in L'Art on the tiles of John G. Low, of Chelsea, Mass., Mr. Émile Molinier sums up by declaring that "if in all branches of industrial art, America should show a talent as real as his, all would be over with old Europe." It "hopes that it will be otherwise for a long time yet." It will; it will. I believe that I betray no confidence in saying that the artists of "old Europe" will be given one more chance to redeem themselves before their final extinction.

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MY Paris correspondent writes that he has reason to believe that there will be a fall in the price of Barye bronzes before long. "You will excuse me for not developing the reasons of this belief," he writes, "but in the mean time here is a good anecdote on the subject: a Parisian art dealer (who, perhaps, shares my belief on the subject of prices) recently endeavored to get hold of all the Baryes he could lay his hands on. Thinking that there might be some stored away in England, he advertised in several provincial papers that he was prepared to buy animal subjects in bronze by no matter what artist. These bronzes were to be delivered at a certain address in London. His scheme leaked out, and a wily Britisher (said to be a clockmaker in Liverpool) determined to profit thereby. He got hold of forty subjects that he thought would do, and marked them with the name of the celebrated French sculptor. But instead of marking them as Barye did on one line, BARYE, the Liverpool man stamped the letters separately on uneven surfaces, B A R Y E. Strange to say, the Parisian dealer was bitten. He bought the lot, and was chucking over his good fortune when a connoisseur showed

him his mistake. Since then these false Baryes have disappeared as if by magic." If I am not greatly mistaken, I came upon one of them quite recently in an art store not a hundred miles from Madison Square.

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MR. SCHAUS wittily remarks that the French hold our art tariff to be simply "une question entre lard et l'art." This reminds me of another "mot" on the latter word. When this magazine was projected various names were suggested by friends of the editor. "Would not 'Home Art' do?" asked one. "'Homard!'" exclaimed a clever Frenchman present, putting on a puzzled look; "I cannot see what there is in common between an art magazine and a lobster."

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How finally the present name of the magazine was chosen was very singular. "Amateur Art" was the title really decided on up to the eleventh hour, and it was duly copyrighted and engraved for the cover. Shortly before "going to press" with the first number, the editor walked into the composing-room and asked for "proofs." "Say, Jim, where are those proofs for The Art Amateur?" shouted the foreman, unconsciously transposing the words of the title. "The Art Amateur!" exclaimed the delighted editor. "That's the very name I have been trying to think of. It sounds much better, and it is much more comprehensive than 'Amateur Art!'" Here, Mr. Foreman, change the name to that, wherever it occurs in the proofs." A new copyright was at once applied for at Albany, the title-page was altered just in the nick of time, and it is hard to conceive now that the magazine could possibly have succeeded under any other name.

MONTEZUMA.

THE NEW YORK WATER-COLOR CLUB.



THE first exhibition at the American Art Galleries of the New York Water-Color Club may fairly be said to justify the club's existence. More than four hundred works are shown, the majority of them by artists little known to the outer public. Yet the average of merit is decidedly high, and there are very few extreme departures from it. It is true that most of the best pictures, as is always the case, are contributed by a few artists already known to

fame, but the majority contains some names which we are sure will come to the front in future exhibitions. There is an almost total absence of the childish attempts which are displayed every year at more pretentious shows, and which, we do not doubt, have often "crowded out" works as good as those which form the bulk of the present exhibition.

It is not without justice that a considerable number of pictures and studies in pastel has been admitted. The two arts have, as to the effects aimed at, much in common, and some artists show a disposition to blend their techniques, so that it is not always possible to say, at a glance, whether a certain picture is in pastels or in water-colors. Among the works belonging purely to the former method we must remark, in the first gallery, a girl's head, "A Gitana," by Florence Francis Snell, in which the warm tones of the complexion are well brought out from a dark red background. Clara T. McChesney's "Cabbage Field by Moonlight" is the most successful attempt at rendering color by moonlight which we have seen in a long time. It is a simple transcript from nature, the subject being a field planted with cabbages, with some white farm buildings and dark trees at the farther end. It is remarkable for the boldness with which the color elements which make up its harmony of grays are used. Most of those who attempt moonlight err by not seeing color in it or in seeing the same tones everywhere, as Mr. B. R. Fitz seems to have done when painting his "Escallop Boats at Wharf," in which the grays are very subtle and harmonious but too much alike in all parts of the composition. It is true that his effect is the opposite of that chosen by Miss McChesney; in Mr. Fitz's composition we are

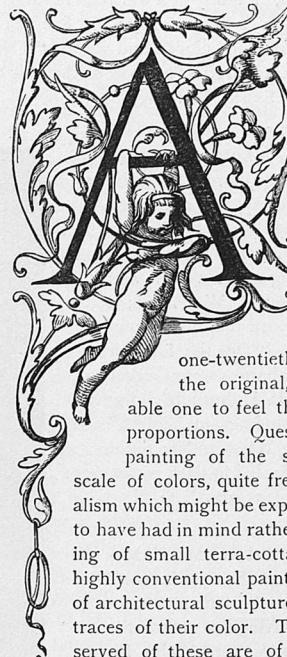
looking *at* the moon, consequently the local colors of the large masses are lost in shadow; in Miss McChesney's we are looking *from* the moon, and the principal masses are in light. Still we cannot but feel that a greater attention to local differences of tone is needed in Mr. Fitz's case. His "Entrance to a Bavarian Village" shows the same propensity to sacrifice variety to an easily obtained harmony, a disposition with which we should take good care not to quarrel in the case of a less highly endowed artist. Miss Louise H. King's "Pond Lilies" may be noticed here because in her treatment of the flowers she seems to hesitate somewhat between the two directions noted above. But they appear to have been studied from nature with a desire to find the elementary tints of which their brilliant whites and grays are composed. Further study in the same line will doubtless result in complete success. More highly finished, and therefore less attractive, is Sidney Mortimer Lawrence's "St. Ives," waves breaking over a rock in the mid foreground while the sun sets in a warm colored mist. This is a studio picture, not a direct study from nature, but it is far from being as mechanical as Mr. Birge Harrison's large "Evening on the Seine," or his "Boys Bathing," or his "Midwinter," with snow that seems to have been painted from cotton wadding. J. Appleton Brown's "Spring-time," apple-trees in blossom, and dreamy, warm distance, is one of this painter's best efforts. His "November," a study of willows overhung by bitter-sweet creepers, is equally good. Its fine, breezy sky is particularly to be commended. From a small group of impressionistic pictures in pastels we would choose Mr. Theodore W. Wendel's "Gray Morning, Gloucester" and "Sunflowers and Sea," as showing the clearest idea of what impressionist methods of painting should be used for. At a sufficient distance these pictures render a striking impression of nature, true as far as it goes; but even with the full length of the gallery between them and the eye, Mr. W. Dodge McKnight's raw blues and greens and purples, in his "Old Breton Stable" and other pictures, do not blend; they consequently fail to produce the out-of-doors effect at which we must assume he has aimed.

To finish with the pastels, let us notice Mrs. Rosina Emmett Sherwood's two charming studies of a baby asleep in its carriage on a garden path, and the same pampered urchin wide awake and playing with its rattle. The latter is particularly taking in its rococo silver frame. Emily Slade's "Dorothy," a little girl in brown dress against a green background, must be mentioned for its refined drawing and good modelling, and J. Elder Baker's "Study of a Head," as one of the strongest things in the exhibition.

The water-colors are, as might be expected, much more numerous than the pastels, but the proportion of works which claim and hold the attention is less. Nevertheless, the visitor will find no lack among them of serious, spirited, or brilliant pictures. Some of the very best are so modest as to color and dimensions that they may readily be passed over. Such is Mr. A. L. Wyant's "The End of the Village," a charming little picture of a quiet village street, a single white house in which everybody seems to be asleep, rich, overhanging foliage and shadowed road-way with hens scratching in it. Such, also, is Mr. L. C. Vogt's "Winter," a barnyard deep in snow, with a tree-trunk in the foreground, an extremely simple subject and simply treated with perfect and therefore unobtrusive skill. In the same category may be placed Mr. M. R. Dixon's "The Interesting Chapter," a girl reading on a garden seat, very spirited in drawing and attractive from its pleasant "arrangement" of gray dress and red and white shawl. But all the good things do not hide themselves away like these. The president of the club, Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nichols, has a remarkably well-studied figure of an old lady, "A Birthday." She is returning from a visit laden with flowers and memories. The same painter's "Survivors of the Schooner Viking," one of the largest pictures in the exhibition, is, however, but a rather careless study of a wrecked vessel which is not bettered by the clumsily drawn figures introduced to tell a painful story. Mr. Charles Dixon's "London Bridge" and "The Tower, London," are effective little bits of river and shipping views with as little as possible of bridge or tower. Mr. John A. Frazer's "A Blowy Morning in June," rather sunny than blowy, we should say, is a careful study of red-tiled English cottages. L. E. Van Corder's picture of geese, "Companions," is a highly interesting bit of nature. Of many salt-water sketches we prefer Adele Williams's "Old Wharf at Gloucester"

and Henry B. Snell's "Solitude," a quiet twilight with a yacht lying at anchor. The exhibition includes a considerable number of excellent still-life and flower studies, of which we can mention but a few. Miss Rose Clarie's "A Strong Subject"—though she deserves little credit for the silly pun—is a well-painted hamper of onions. Miss Amy Cross's "Tulips" in an old copper vessel; E. J. Holgate's "Still Life," shrimps, lettuce and oil flask; Cora Marie Gaskin's "Carnations" and "Morning-glorious;" Bertha Art's "Coconuts" and "Still Life;" A. H. Kent's "Grapes and Wine" deserve a fuller notice than our space will allow us to give them. In general, they are characterized by good composition, broad treatment and effective handling.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.



TO the Metropolitan Museum of Art the Fall reception was made the occasion of showing, especially, in the main hall, the handsome model of the Parthenon, constructed by Mr. Jouy, of Paris, under the supervision of the eminent archaeologist, Mr. Chipiez. The model is about one-twentieth of the dimensions of the original, large enough to enable one to feel the beauty of its studied proportions. Questionable points are the painting of the sculptures with a full scale of colors, quite free from the conventionalism which might be expected. Mr. Jouy seems to have had in mind rather the naturalistic painting of small terra-cotta statuettes than the highly conventional painting of such fragments of architectural sculpture as yet preserve some traces of their color. To be sure the best preserved of these are of earlier date than the Parthenon; but it is unlikely that any such effect as is here shown was ever aimed at in classic monumental sculpture. The system of lighting is that devised by Mr. Chipiez, which is said to have been sufficient in Paris, though here it is found necessary to light the interior, with its "restoration" of the Athene statue, artificially. A model of the facade of Notre Dame of Paris was also shown. The whole edifice will be reproduced by Mr. Jouy. The Brugsch Bey collection of ancient Egyptian tapestries and pictured cloths, presented by Mr. George F. Baker, is extremely interesting to the student of textile art. It would be more so were there any authoritative account, such as the original owner might be induced to prepare, of the age, material, use and "provenance" of each piece. In fact, there is nothing the Museum now so much needs as good descriptive catalogues. Most of those sold at the door are mere catchpenny affairs. The best, that of the Johnson collection of gems, is rendered useless by the way in which the gems are shown, packed without system, numbers or titles in a flat case over which one has to bend uncomfortably to look at them. There ought to be several strong rooms like the so-called "Gold Room" in which such objects might be safely and yet freely exhibited. We might then inspect at our ease Greek intaglios or Babylonian cylinders in one room, or the Lazarus collection of fans, miniatures, and snuff-boxes (to which, by the way, some interesting additions have been made) in another, without being jostled by the crowd from case to case.

MR. HITCHCOCK'S ATMOSPHERIC NOTES IN PASTEL at Wunderlich's gallery were much more than that title implies. The great majority were, in fact, deliberate and finished studies, mostly of Dutch subjects. Our readers have been made aware by the color study given with the February number of The Art Amateur and the article printed therewith of Mr. Hitchcock's peculiarities as a painter, his love for the canals, rich meadows and red-tiled villages of Holland; above all for the gorgeous masses of color afforded by the flower-farms of that happy country—acres of flaming tulips, blue hyacinths or white lilies which he has many times transferred to canvas. There are in the present exhibition several